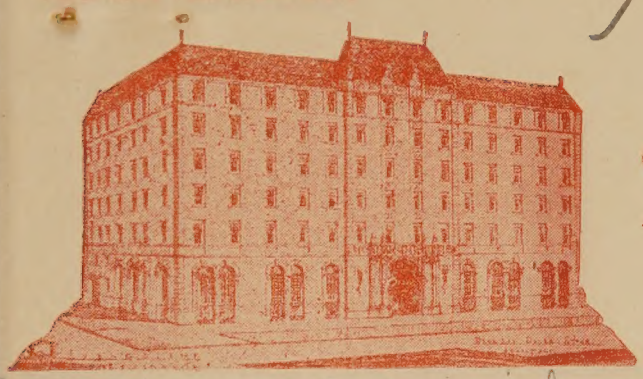
after several visits I found Mr D at home. I wanted to see the family relationship. He said "I landed in N. York city and lived there ~~ten~~ seven years. I found work immediately & I got one good job after another until I made 75 bucks a week. My friends wanted me to get married but I didn't like the girls. I always thought of the little girl I played with when I was a little boy so I saved my money and I went back and I found her."

they were married and came back to N.Y. and lived there three years but his wife was very unhappy living in close quarters & they had heard from friends of life in Calif. & came to Oakland where the climate and space gave him the chance to live a little more as they had done in Italy. I asked him if he ever regretted or would like to go back and he said "No but I wish my children could go, I would like them to see & love the old country."

TELEPHONE TEMPLEBAR 8213

GEORGE R. TAGGART
MANAGEMENT



CLARIDGE HOTEL
A Comfortable Home for Men and Women

FIFTEENTH AND GROVE STREETS
OAKLAND, CALIF.

I asked Mrs. if she was allowed to go out without a chaperon when she was a young girl and she said "Oh rather!" I then asked what she did about her own daughters and she said she did not like them to but they did once in awhile.
I turned to the two girls & asked them how they liked that sort of thing and got around it and they said "Father isn't as strick as Mother so we got him to talk Mother

(4)

over.
The two young child were called in & told to play piano for me. The boy 12 yrs & the girl 9 years played several duets of modern music & then the father said "Play Traviata" & the little girl started and I watched the expression on the parents faces. It was one of pride but now it was one of joy. The ~~the~~ expression with which the child played was entirely different from what she put in the former pieces.

5

Fran said their earliest recollection of music was Opera.

I asked if the girls had more freedom now than in the mothers girlhood and while Fran had not been back they hear from those who have that there is a more liberal attitude which Mrs A. deplores.

The grace with which one is surrounded in this household is decidedly unamerican.

(61)

Visited Mr & Mrs C. who came to our room 40 yrs ago to be exact Mr 40 & Mrs 38 years ago. Mr had worked in a vineyard in Southern Italy. He worked on a farm what first coming to Cali but in time had his own vineyard and married the nearest neighbors daughter. She is American born and with little of Italian tradition. Mr C's one ambition was to make enough money

[71]

to retire and go back to
train to live. He has
retired + two year ago
he a his wife went back.
A more disgusted man
would be I hard to find.
I gathered he took a
great deal of pride in having
his own business - [illegible] Zuno
he was rich but he
went on and on how
he was taken advantage
of and how he had

TELEPHONE TEMPLEBAR 8213

GEORGE R. TAGGART
MANAGEMENT

8

CLARIDGE HOTEL

A Comfortable Home for Men and Women

FIFTEENTH AND GROVE STREETS
OAKLAND, CALIF.

to bargain for everything he bought. Nothing was properly priced in the stores altogether nothing was as he had dreamed and he is back in Amer for the rest of his life.

Ann Lo Gagarman

TONY IN THE LINEUP

Words--1400

Report by Isom Shepard,
932 McAllister Street.

For November 27, 1934.

Tony Magliocco stood on the sidewalk in front of 824 Harrison Street, offices of the San Francisco Emergency Relief Committee for single men, pondering a green ticket he held in his hand. To him it was a puzzle. Later this little green ticket was to lead him through what he considers his worst experience during his forty-three years of hectic life and brand him with scarlet stigma.

Tony had worked hard all his life as a stone-cutter, drew good pay, but wine, women and song had dissipated his earnings. He had never married--too much pleasure in being single, he reasoned. Why marry and be under the thumb of a woman the rest of his days?

Now Tony was broke, his job gone. He had applied for a meal ticket and a "flop" in one of the community shelters maintained by the relief committee for single men. Instead of a meal ticket, he had been given the little green card with nothing printed on it but a number. It perplexed him. How could he eat and sleep on a piece of green cardboard like this? But he had been advised to take it to 300 Seventh Street, and get it stamped. Maybe at this place they would write on it that Tony was to have meals and a bed. Tony was hungry. He would see. He would go immediately to this number and get it stamped, then eat.

When Tony arrived at 300 Seventh Street, his eyes widened. There he saw a line of men extending from the Seventh Street entrance all the way to Folsom Street, around the corner on Folsom, and how much farther West on Folsom he could not see. Why were they lined up? Oh, well, Tony couldn't be bothered about that. His inners were calling him to the table. He would go at once to the office, have his ticket stamped and be on his way to breakfast. But Tony was due for the first big shock in his sad experience.

(MORE)

TONY IN THE LINEUP

Arrived at the office, Tony drew forth his little green ticket and, with a flourish of confidence, laid it upon the counter. In his most suave manner, he said: "Stampa, please."

The clerk with barely a glance at the card commanded him to get into the lineup. The clerk explained the green ticket was for a cleanup; that after he had taken his cleanup the green card would be duly stamped and returned to him. Then he could take it back to the place where he got it and receive his meal ticket.

Tony protested he had that very morning taken a bath, put on clean underwear, shaved; that in view of this he didn't need another cleanup. The clerk stood pat. He explained there was no way in the world for Tony to get his meal ticket without that little green card being stamped "cleanup" with the date shown. It was an ironclad rule of the relief committee. It must not be broken.

Finally convinced, Tony sauntered out of the door and passed down the line to its extreme end. He estimated there were at least two hundred in the lineup. In it he saw toothless old men in ragged clothes that were shiny with grease, wearing shoes that looked as though they would fall off their feet. There young men in their early twenties, some in rags, some well dressed. There were middle-aged men, some of whom wore tailor-made suits, shoes shined, freshly shaved, clean collars--dressed as neatly as the average business man.

Some in the line were scratching as if they were lousy. Others were coughing like one in the throes of tuberculosis. All had a look of discontent; some on the virge of madness. There were men with only one leg; some with only one arm. Some with fingers missing, the digits having been cut or mashed off in accidents while they were laboring in industry.

(MORE)

TONY IN THE LINEUP

Tony took his place at the extreme end of the line. He nudged the man just ahead of him and inquired what was to be done next.

"Just wait. You'll find out," was the unenlightening answer he got.

Tony did wait. For three long hours he waited. As he moved nearer to the goal others fell in behind him, and when at last he passed through the door, he glanced back. The line behind was as long as the line ahead of him when he entered it.

Once inside, a clerk asked for his ticket. At last, thought Tony, breakfast is near. But Tony was in for another surprise. The man who took his ticket handed him a box, with this curt order:

"Take off all your clothes and put them in this box. Then go into the shower and take a good bath. Here's soap. Your clothes will be ready in an hour. They must be put through the delouser."

Tony groaned as he slumped onto a bench and started to remove his shoes. He looked about. There were fifty or more men in the room. Some were naked, others partly dressed. Many were disrobing, others who had been through the cleanup were putting on their clothes.

As Tony's eyes wandered over that mass of naked humanity he saw men whose bellies seemed to be growing to their backbone; others with paunches distended like a fatted swine. Some were as hairy as apes; others had scarcely a hair on their bodies. Some had muscles that fairly rippled under the skin as they bent their arms; others were emanciated and skinny. There were negroes with powerful ebony-hued bodies that glistened under the light. A few had virulent looking sores on their legs, arms and bodies.

Then Tony's gaze rested on a tall, dark-haired, well-dressed man busy in the corner of the room. He saw him pick from the clothing of a man something he could not discern, and drop it into an envelope he held in his left hand. This intrigued Tony. To the man on his left he inquired what the procedure meant, and was given this explanation:

(MORE)

TONY IN THE LINEUP

The well-dressed man was Dr. Charles Mudgett. He was picking lice off the man standing by him and dropping them into the envelope. Later they would be sent to the vermin department of the University of California where they would be analyzed to see if they carried disease germs. He was told that many of the men going through cleanup were lousy; that unless everyone was put through cleanup and the delouser every week the lousy men would not be discovered and vermin would soon spread throughout all the shelters.

Tony now begun to itch. He could feel something crawling over his skin. He could visualize himself covered with these voracious, creeping cooties. He pointed to a naked man standing just in front of him, whose body was a mass of fiery little pimples.

"That man has scabies," Tony was told. "There's an epidemic of this disease in the shelters now. As the men strip for cleanup they are inspected. When one thus infected is found he is put in the scabies ward and kept there until cured."

That was more discomfort for Toney. But his biggest scare was yet to come.

Seated next to Tony on his right was a naked old man. Tony gave the man one look, then sprang from his seat as though he had been sitting near a rattlesnake. He spoke to his companion on the left and pointed to the old man. The skin on the man's arms, legs and body was fiery red and festered in spots.. He looked like he had been badly burned.

"Leprosy," hissed Tony's companion.

Now let Tony tell it as he narrated it to me:

"Sure, hesa leper. Hesa skeen shesa rot. Bigga the sore alla over. Mya how hesa smell. Hesa set righta bya me. Wesa botha naked. Sure, Isa skeer. Shesa make everybody skeer."

But Tony had to stick. His clothes were then in the delouser and he

(MORE)

couldn't rush into the streets in the nude.

To keep the record straight, I want to state that after Tony told me this story I personally investigated the case. If that was a case of leprosy the story would make the front page in blazing headlines, of every newspaper in California. It would mean a nice piece of money for me in springing the scoop.

I talked with Dr. Mudgett. He had thoroughly inspected the old man. It was not leprosy. It was pellagra. He had traced the old man's history and found he had come to California from Mississippi where a poor white man is in a worse economic condition than the lowest negro. His diet consists mainly of sowbelly and corn bread. The disease, he told me, is neither infectious nor contagious. It comes from using corn products that are impure. I consulted Webster. He says of pellagra:

"A recent disease of as yet unknown origin, but believed by some experts to result from eating corn products from impure grain; is characterized by gastro-intestinal, cerebro-spinal and cutaneous symptoms."

The incident gave Tony the scare of his life. He believes he has been directly exposed to leprosy, and expects it will be only a matter of weeks until the leper's spots will appear upon his body. Then he's doomed.

I tried to look Tony up after I had investigated this case. He had been staying at the Sixth Street shelter. There they told me he had secured SERA work and had moved.

(THE END)

Why [illegible]

[illegible] other people

[illegible]

Italian [illegible]
in their minds, not [illegible] for
in their homes are [illegible] of their
They are [illegible]
delusion born of [illegible] of [illegible]
terrorism to [illegible] confidence [illegible]
is a sacred [illegible], not is practised without
his nationality.

And this very trait is pointed out as the
reason why so many Italians become [illegible]
robbers and kidnappers. They [illegible] too
[illegible] the law with little [illegible]

(see page 2)

exposed by others of their race.

Because it is second nature for an Italian to be perfect in honor to himself, but the moment of his tongue slips the honor of his wife and children or himself, he is the least understood and least by sympathized with of all foreign elements in America. Especially is this true in the detection of crime. Although such cases are remote to understand and only provoke the agents fail to foster an Italian mystery, the Terrorism has taught him that of the Black Hand so probably signifying his own death warrant if he complains, yet the authorities promise protection, with that security he knows he will get for his pains, and shoots the villain.

The Italian knows the law can only promise immunity for himself, while the gangster can generate protection of his whole family. Then only when taking when there is as much care to be gained by shutting his mouth shut, he listens! He knows that he is worse than hanging and there is only one much involved. Pleased by taking he might send the down to a sister

(See Page 3)

generation of his kinsmen by a mere death threat of an avenger.

The Italians contend one can only appreciate how deeply rooted in the Italian mind the dread of consequence by a blood feud of living been born and by, and also among other people as one of them, in their native country. There for centuries, and recently when blackbirds from the powerful the Mafia, mothers taught their children from the black hand.

When this bloody society was first introduced in the United States, American mothers of Italian extraction were forced to teach their American born children that a silent tongue meant the safest.

(The End)
Sept. 3, 1934

Paul Rodin

Born near Tortona, province of Liguria, Italy, of Italian parents in 1866, one of a family of 9 children. Raised on a small farm owned by parents this man had little or no schooling. Went to Genoa when 15 years of age and for two year worked at odd laboring jobs mostly around the docks of that port. Conscripted for army service in 1903 but was discharged after two years owing to physical disability.

With money saved and some given by his family he left Italy and sailed to the United States from Cherbourg, France in 1905. Arrived at New York where he joined relatives, for a few months worked as laborer.

Left New York in early 1906 for San Francisco and immediately after arrival here went to work as section hand for the Southern Pacific Railroad. After earthquake and fire in San Francisco worked as laborer in the city, later returning to the work for railroad.

In 1908 sent to Italy for fiancee who arrived same year. Married early in 1909 and while he labored wife started running house, boarding about 20 laborers.

Son born in 1912, wife continuing work. Changed jobs and went to work as scavenger, working from 12 to 18 hours daily. Continued at this work and in 1918 was able to buy interest in business.

One daughter was born in 1921, another three years later. Wife gave up boarding house in 1921 and shortly after they purchased a home of two flats.

The scavenger business was very profitable and this man continued in the work saving enough money to buy practically the entire business from his partners. Later bought second house of 4 flats and replaced his teams with trucks and extended his business by buying into other districts.

Received final citizenship papers in 1928 and returned alone for a visit to Italy. Had been sending money to Italy continually to be applied against purchase of land adjacent to his parents farm. Remained in Italy only one month having no desire to remain longer.

Son graduated from high school in 1927 and received a position in a local bank. Other children attended public school.

In 1931 bought another house of two flats and sent his wife and three children on a six months visit to Italy, but the children did not care for country life in Italy and prevailed upon the mother to return to this country after two months. Son continues to work in bank and one daughter now attends junior high, another grammar school.

At present this man is still working as scavenger although the work is very hard and he is in poor health. Own at least three houses of flats in San Francisco and in addition to his scavenger business also owns a large farm in Italy which is being worked by members of his family. Speaks very poor english but his wife has learned the language very well. All children speak excellent Italian. The entire family attend church regularly and on the whole seem to be upright and constructive citizens of the community.

311

Report by O A Morris
2112 Union street

(Note:--This report is supplemental to material submitted last Friday, Aug. 30.)

Little Italy is as much a foreign city as if it were in the heel or leg of the Italian "boot." Its business is foreign, or, at least, not American; its manner of living, the home, and habits of its residence are strictly Latin.

Take a Stockton street car from the corner of Market and Stockton. You leave a business section that is as typically American as any to be found in an American city. As you progress north you pass the first foreign city in Chinatown. Then, for a block or two, the line traverses what is known in police parlance as "No Man's Land." This is a small quarter in which Mexicans, Filipinos, Islanders, Javanese, Japanese and negroids congregate and live. No Man's Land merges into Little Italy on the north and is linked to Chinatown on the south; yet, is not a part of either.

Business houses of Little Italy deck their display windows in Latin style. Or, at least, if it is not strictly Latin, the plan certainly is not American. Especially is this true of the food shops. Here virtually everything offered to appeal to the windowshopper is imported-- and most of it comes from Italy. The casual visitor is impressed with the quantity of oils offered. Little Italy imports and uses more olive oil, according to wholesale grocers, than all the rest of San Francisco. Tinned fish and fish in glass also are featured prominently in all grocery windows, and all of the displays are foreign goods. That, despite the fact that

California produces and packs virtually every ~~brand or~~ kind of fish the Latin grocers carry in imported goods. Also, the Latins themselves admit that the imported foods are NOT superior. Yet, they say, a good percentage of their trade has learned to demand the foreign brands. They must carry the imports or lose their trade, especially the trade of older Italians.

Pictures in other shops, ~~calculated~~ to attract attention to display windows, invariably are of foreign subjects-- the Mediterranean, ruins of ancient Rome and Greece, gondoleers of Venice, fishing fleets in the Bay of Naples. Jewelry shops dress their windows simply, and the wares they display, the salesman tells a prospective customer, are imported, mostly from Italy.

Tailor shops ~~drape~~ an attractive line of material over racks in their windows. But their ~~[illegible]~~ is not so elaborate or displayed in the ~~same~~ style ~~as in the~~ big shops of the American quarters.

Ask any merchant how times are. He shrugs ~~his~~ shoulders significantly, turns palms up and the corners of his mouth down in a ~~significant~~ wry gesture. He replies in either Italian or English: "No money; nobody got money."

But the patronage of ~~the~~ big Italian and French restaurants, ~~the~~ night clubs of the district, the famous fish grottos seems to belie that assertion. Still, these places draw much of their paying patronage from other parts of the city and from tourists, patronage attracted by a good dinner with plenty of wine at a price more reasonable than in other quarters. ~~of the city~~ All attendants ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ are Latin, from the check girls in the night club to the roust-about who cleans up at the end of the night's (or mornings) business.

Taylor street north from Beach to the waterfront is as typically Italian as any part of the Latin quarter. In fact, its business is 100 per cent Latin, except. It is a continuous row of fish grottos and fish markets on both sides, with the exception of one confection-cigar-soft drink booth and one combination grocery-and-fishing tackle shop. The dozen or more other places of business are virtually all alike, with the interiors of some a trifle more attractive than their neighboring competitors. In front of each Grotto is an open air woodburning stove, the top of which is an a large cast iron tank. Here the grotto prepares its shrimp, crab and lobster on the sidewalk, and displays the cooked food on a sidewalk shelf that extends from the front of the shop. Large boxes of lobsters, alive, are under the shelves, and if the prospective buyer takes a fancy to a particular living crustacean he may have it cooked on the spot.

Sundays and holidays this district swarms with sightseers, and the prices of fish, especially lobster, soar. For instance, Monday morning a pound lobster is available at 25 cents. Sunday afternoon the same lobster would have been offered at 50 cents, and 35 cents would have been accepted if the customer were inclined to dicker. Shrimp, the imported jumbo shrimp from the coast of Texas, sell for 25 cents a pound, cooked and shelled, from Monday to Saturday. They jump to 40 or 60 cents a pound for the Sunday holiday crowd. Salmon through the week days is offered at two pounds for 35 cents; it is 18 to 20 cents a pound Sunday.

Although California waters produce the tenderest and most palatable shrimp known, more imported Texas jumbo shrimp are sold in the Taylor street grotto district than California shrimp. This,

the grotto proprietor will explain, is due to the more attractive appearance and their resemblance to the Mediterranean shrimp of the Texas product. The California shrimp is a midget of the species. The Texas shrimp a giant. Cooked, the Texas shrimp turns to a beautiful pink; the Californian to a dusky brown. But husked, the Californian is better.

Although Grotto Row, as the lower end of Taylor street is called, depends largely on Sunday and holiday customers for its profits, its shops have a large Latin trade. This puzzles the layman, inasmuch as the residents of Little Italy can buy their fish, lobster, crab and shrimp direct from the boats at astonishingly low prices. Still, they seems to have caught the American spending habit. Even of Sundays and Holidays they go to the Grotto Row to eat their shrimp, crab and lobster cocktails at 15 cents apiece and drink their wine at 10 cents a glass. The cocktail and wine cost 25 cents; the same appetizers might have been served in their homes at 5 cents.

Taylor street grotto owners are universally prosperous. The Sunday patronage alone would mean a good return on investment if the places closed the rest of the week. The investment and overhead of these merchants is nominal in contrast to their business volume. Their raw material is purchase at rockbottom prices. Some of them own or control boats and bring their products direct from the sea. The whole industry is in the hands of Latins.

--#--

Theodore Frey

Report — Italian

Born in Bonnate not far from the house where Littlemore Notta used to live in. I certainly did like the views from up there. We could see down home and often we went down to market. I went short years to school there. After I went to the military academia in Monza for 4 years.
Often we had outtings as far as Trecella and Cameletta. I remember we had often to day work about Milano was at home and as I was very well acquainted with his sons, I was it work. I had good times and was very happy.
All my vacations I had home. I liked very much to help in the restaurant my father, had and was very busy especially in summer. During the week I used with my father to Brescia and other places I had to go. I used to go up and see as you did not have many automobiles in those days.
Come the time to go back to Monza and needless was nice as usually always we drove in the coach and father made some purchases.
And when time was for you — also in during I was lucky, as I got a ticket market colonial service 2 years. On the end of the term I went home and had just about 2 weeks to prepare to. Three 4 more fellows had colonial tickets. We arranged that we all went together back to our home.

For Lb. Radio — Shawn Barnett.

For a week I have been haunting Fisher man's wharf striking up friendships with the Italians who supply the demand of San Francisco for sea-food. There is a big story here. Why it hasn't been written before I don't know - but as far as I can learn it hasn't. There is a clannishness about fisherman that is hard to break. One thing I have learned is that a newcomer is not welcomed with open arms. Just because a man has a few hundred dollars - enough to buy a boat and a net is no reason he will make money fishing off the Golden Gate. Obstacles are put in his way - not in the catching of the fish but in the selling of them. It is to get the details of the perpetual fight for existance along the waterfront I am trying - and will continue to try until I know what I am writing about. The Italians have a close - very close close monopoly - of San Francisco fishing. Next week I hope to have a real story, on my report.

I was born in the town xxxx
in the year from peasant relative.
In my childhood I was compelled to go to work
(as early as 7 year of age) whit the shepherd of
a neburing willage because we were 7 in
the family from the age of 2 to 11 years.
My father was earning the sum of lira
3 80 cents a day; and on feding 7 children
belive me it was nothing left. But mr. xxxx
din't you go to school? Oh, yes two winters
at the age of 7 and 8 and belive me I
will till you the truth (but dont say anything
I just know how to read and write and
I learned that practicin at alone. When you
were working whit the shepserd how much were
you earning mr. xxxx 8 lira a moth, and were
paid to my father out of wich he wout
buy me an hat, a pair of pants or a pair
of wooden shoes.

Few years later my father put me to work with the stone-mason as helper we were working then 10 hours a day, and the boss was a real slave driver, I wanted to run a way but I was afraid of being arrested and beaten by father so I habituated myselve and I worked for him for four years, until I was graduated as skill helper. How much where you earning then Mr xxxx One lira a day, but the boss paid my father out of wich used to give me one lira a week.

Then the war came and I want whit a mother cousin to Venice were I was earnig lira 1 75 a day but 10 months after he had to return to the native town because his father died and had to tacke his place in the family because he was the oldest. Then ~~the Italian~~ Italy entere into war and I find work not very far from

the town (25 Km.) building barracks for the soldiers, and stables for horses until the retreat of Caporetto. Thend the goverment send my family to San Quinting in France as refugees were we remained the end of the war.
What were you doing in San Quinting Mr xxx
I was forking as tone-mason and I was earning 18 fr. a day, and my mother and older brother were working in a munitions factory in the near-by town, but I dind like dat, because the germans traied to bombard-it several times, and once they killed 15 persons whit an areoplane bomb.
Immediately after the war we were returned to Italy, first we were send into a refugees camp in Liguria and after 2 moths we were send to home town. But what a surprise! The town was no more, only ruins we had to live in soldiers baracks and we dint even

practically recognize hour own parents and neibours, because they changed so much theyr appearances (do that some were send to Sicily, some to Tuscana, some to Liguria, and some to France) Those that were in the army were returning too some wounded some crazied by the gasses or what and few in good healt, but all swearing at the war, at god, at the king, at the government and so forth. In few words the village live had tremendously changed no body went to ~~chuc~~ church any more but in steat they were going in the square talking politic and on Sunday socialist and anarchist speakers used to come and to speak in the main square the anarchist had practically no followers but the socialist had plenty. I tell you this because it upset me entirely to the

point that I joined the socialist which were preacing what the Russian workers did and tout us to do the same ting. I had full fait in them and I thout they were sincere leader, but when the metallurgical worker's occupied the factories only few reminded sincere and the majority of the leader betrailed that movement. Finnally the 22 of February at the congress of Livorno The Party was split those one that reminded sincere during the occupation of the factories accepted the so called 21 point of Moscow and formed the Communist Party, and the remainder kept the Socialist Party. Not understanding clearly the situation, and disgusted of the tremendus betrailing of the socialist leader I decided to come to the U.S. Whit the hel of a cousin of mine that was in Detroit then I was

able to obtain the passage and in the fall of 1922 I reached Detroit. There immediately I found work whit my cousin as Terrazzo and marble worker and litle by litly I reaced to save $2.800 Then in 1927 I decided to come to Calif. I invested my money in buying stok of the bank o Italy I touth it was a very sound investment but the stok crash came, I lost every penny that I sweated, not only, but I work only a day or two a week and I belive pretty soon I will be compelled to apply for charity. Are you to-day a Socialist or a bolshewick Mr xxxx no I am niether of them now, but belive me mr. a changement of some sort woul be very good.

Report by A Morris
2112 Union street

The Italian-American Society held its annual picnic in Muir Wood last Sunday, with attendance of more than 1500 Latins from as far north as Ukiah and as far south as Salinas.

Italians from every strata of society attended. Apparently there was no cast or classification. Bankers broke bread and drank wine with truck gardeners, grocers and fishermen.

"That could not have happened in Italy," one of the older leaders of the North Beach district said. "Here we become almost as one family. In Italy we were taught to keep our place, our station in life. May be things have changed there, too. But I don't think they have got far away from the belief in cast, even if Mussolini wasa private in the army."

Although the outing was much like an ordinary American picnic, the games in which they participated were brought from Italy. There was a handball game, which resembles American handball about as much as golf resembles croquet. Another game, played with wooden balls about the size of a duckpin ball, has nothing in common with the American bowling sport. The Italians toss and roll their balls at a mark from a distance of twenty-five or thirty feet, like pitching pennies at a crack.

The older generation took part in some of the sports of speed and action: and it seemed to an observer they handled themselves better and did not tire as quickly as would a person of the same age but of another race. Men past sixty ran footraces with credible speed, wrestled and boxed with little fatigue.

"Mostly, they are fisher folk," an elderly Italian explained. "They are very strong and keep in training."

In every picnic basket there was wine. In some there was beer. In a few whisky. Everyone drank; none seemed to become intoxicated. Even the children went to their family baskets for an occassional drink of wine. The picnic dinner was not a community feast. Each family tended its own basket. There was swapping of wine, an exchange of cheese. But it was not the share and share luncheon of the American plan picnic.

One thing that impressed an observer was the number of good autos-- cars of expensive make-- many of them new; also the average of car owners. Nearly every family had a car.

It seemed there were more children to the family than might be expected of another race. One pioneer estimated five juveniles to each car. That probably is an overlay.

"But we don't have as many children as we use to," one of the group advised. "Families are smaller-- and not so happy."

The older men and women kept much to themselves and talked entirely in Italian. The children seldom spoke in Italian even when talking to their parents and grandparents.

Everyone seemed well clothed; yet some of the costumes, espedilly of the elders, were of a style unfamiliar to the average "man in the street."

"Some of our pepple cannot be weaned from their old country clothes," a middleaged Italian explained. "They like the same patterns of cloth and the same cutbef garments they wore before they came to North Beach or to other parts of America. And they pay more to have clothing made in these old styles than they would pay for modern patterns."

At luncheon the pioneers literally broke bread. Most it was black bread; and none was sliced. It was broken off chunkily about

as used, and that not used was returned to the basket. Not a crust was tossed away. The lunchbasket without at least three kinds of cheese was incomplete. There was the aroma of garlic and olive oil about every basket.

--j--

~~[illegible]~~
Theodore Frey

I Report Italian

By special train we went to [illegible] and stopped only to eat [illegible] the route. We [illegible] slept in the train and arrived in the morning at our destination. [illegible] in high spirits and [illegible] we reached [illegible] of our boat. [illegible] 300 [illegible] fellows. We had permission on shore for 1 day as next day around 4 o'clock the big boat was to sail to Italys [illegible] colonial territory in Eritrea. I went with a fellow to a nearby place, [illegible] of [illegible] called [illegible]. The [illegible] had a nice place there and we had the time of our lives playing and amusing. By 3 P.M. next day we went per carozza to the harbour and arrived just in time for the roll call. For me and many [illegible] was the first time to be on a big boat. All were as happy as could be the day and did not notice that the boat went. [illegible] I was seasick for 2 weeks. I felt lonesome and blue and never went in for any deck amusements. We had fair weather until the end of our trip when we came in for a stormy [illegible] that was [illegible] us and proper many of us [illegible] sick. The [illegible] was not so [illegible] and a [illegible] the fellows says there was a big [illegible] at Massaua when we landed. After this was sunshine and we found the [illegible] very comfortable in this part of the world.

[illegible] big square for the [illegible] was like a [illegible] on four sides. [illegible] big square as exercise ground in [illegible]

cont—

Theodore Fay

3 Report Italian

That was a nice barack and on all sides it was surrounded with sand dunes. There were many black soldiers and the service lasted for 18 months here. Everybody here used the Italian language and we had free times a plenty.
My last 6 months of service I spent in Mogadiscio at the governors palace. This part is newly opened by Italy and warmer than Eritrea. More negotiations a plenty was here and my duty brought me to many a new dignity. Even so service was light. I was glad after 6 months a return to Italy. On the way back I enjoyed the trip and no seasickness this time. We were 3 officers that were military to go back. Everyone seemed to be glad to go home except one that came from Zanzibar and had Legation duty. When I was in Napoli time was short for I was in the hurry to reach home. Before I reached home I had to resort in Monza. After everything was settled I was free to go where I liked best and arrived in Como where I was welcomed by my father. I stayed home for 3 months and then took the train to Genoa where I embarked for the new world. I landed in California and was in the wine business. In the times we had I went in for a restaurant. I made money and I lost money. Would my parents still be alive I'll go back to Italy.

Lately it seems to me that cash is rare, even my own money went down. Living is expensive and people have no cash and look to me sickly. I think bad times here lasted just about too long.

fine.

San Francisco Calif.
Aug. 30, 1934

314

Research Report of Raymond Kurth.

On August 27th, I called on Mr L., an Italian, who was born in Italy near the Austrian border.

He is 40 years of age and has 4 Children and his wife died four years ago. The Eldest a Girl is 17 years old and acts as housewife for the family. The next a boy of twelve sells newspapers after school. The two younger Children are of school age.

His occupation is a Chef in a Hotel and is living in very good Conditions. The Children are well brought up.

He was very lax about giving information and only having four hours per week was unable to make further Contact

Respectfully

Raymond Kurth

lumps and also worked for several

169 and 170

Sept 16. 1934.

Mr. X... is the head-man of an Upton Sinclair campaign office in the Italian district. He is the kind of man who has "pulled himself up by his own boot-straps", or perhaps by reading novels. He is large, bland, willing to waste a young lady's time, but winkingly suspicious of everything, including mere courtesy; prides himself on being observant and a "left", but fearing that he may get in dutch because of his being a "radical" Sinclair-ite. After pulling and hauling, he became desirous of telling his life-story, but every question that was asked was too "personal" (which may come from reading Sinclair, or perhaps from reading Love-Story Magazine, which is "clean, decent, and uplifting".)

This is, therefore, all the information received: He was born in northern Italy. His father was a farmer and a lumberjack. He went to elementary school in Italy, and had one year of highschool. When his father came to America in the hope of improving his condition, the boy of fourteen came with him. They came straight to California, and both went to work on a farm in Sonoma. He refused to return for his military service in Italy, says that there was some loophole by which he got out of it. He took out citizenship papers when he was twenty-one.

He always worked. He became a merchant, went into the ladies' and children's wear business, ran a store in San Francisco. Just before the 1929 crash, he sold his store, got out with some money, and has not worked for five years. His politics have always been "left". At this point the questions put to him became too "personal".

The interviewer left in a huff.

Footnote: As to his personal opinions, from babyhood up, on life, love, eternity, and war, he refers me to "I, Governor of California."

Bindon.

I

Sept 16, 1934. 376 391

Story of a Sicilian who came to America at an early age.

Part II

My schooldays I suppose were the same as any American boys. I learned the games and customs of the country as well as the teachings of the school and as I advanced became a regular American boy.

When I was 14 my father decided to take us for a visit to our native Sicily. There were now five of us as I had a younger sister by ~~now~~ that time.

My father was still an employee of the Illinois Cen. R. R. so was able to get an employee's pass for himself and family. This pass took us to New York. My uncle there being in the shipping business in Sicily got us a pass on an Italian steamer from New York to Palermo. The trip was uneventful, the weather good and our quarters comfortable. We arrived at Palermo and were met by my uncle who took us to his home where we were to stay.

I remembered a good deal about my younger days in Sicily but now that I was older the beauties of the country made it seem a Paradise to me especially after living in a City for seven years.

The fruits of which there appeared to be every kind, were particularly good and my sister and I feasted on them. In Chicago we could not get what we considered good fish; here there were fish in abundance and of the best kind and we ate all we wanted.

The grownups did a lot of talking among themselves about Conversazioni men who had made trips to this Country and lived here for a time most of what my father told him was not new to him. On the other hand what I told my Cousins and their friends made them open their eyes in wonder. I still had my Sicilian dialect and as their wonder grew so did my stories: the great locomotives, the elevated the rapid transit street cars and most of all the great fresh water oceans

nego which I lived. I must admit that while there was a basis of truth in my stories, some of them were greatly exagerated.

I made a trip with my father and uncle on one of my uncle's freighting trains. There were three large wagons well loaded, with two horses to each. When we came to a steep part of the road they would take the horses from one wagon and double up on another to get over the hill. Our progress was slow and we kept the wagons loaded most of the time. Our route was a circuit going by one road and coming back by another so as we delivered our freight we picked up more to be delivered in Palermo.

I had a grand time on the trip which took us five days tho the distance we traveled was only about 75 miles in all. The people back from the coast spoke a different dialect from the one I spoke so I had difficulty talking to the boys I met along the way and could not entertain them with any

of my stories of America. I tried to but when I had to speak slowly and repeat so they could understand I soon lost my enthusiasm.

We spent two months in Sicily and then started for home amid weeping women and farewells. Our trip home was pleasant and without excitement the I often wished for something to happen. I suppose I had got used to travelling by this time.

Shortly after I got home I started to work in a factory at $2.50 per week. My first pay was for part of a week and I got a five dollar bill and some silver in an envelope. In my hurry to count my money I tore the envelope open and the dollar bill in two. I was heart-broken because I had planned on giving most of the money to my mother, and scared because I thot I might be arrested for tearing up money. On my way home I ran into a young Italian man by a friend of ours, and told him my troubles. He

laughed and said, "We'll soon fix that." He took a piece of court plaster mended the bill and told me it was as good as new. I was greatly relieved and ran home to give the bill to my mother. The rest of my money I spent on myself and my sisters.

After working around Chicago for several years always following the same class of factory work, I came out to California and settled in Monterey where my elder sister had gone before me having married a man who had gone into sardine fishing there.

I too, started fishing a more or less natural occupation for a Sicilian. After a few years and I had saved some money I married and later, when fish prices went way down, moved to Oakland where I got a job in a factory making the same class of articles that I had worked on in Chicago. Here I got along well, my former experience being of great

help to me and after a time I got to be a foreman.

Things went along well with me until the depression hit, since then my work has not been steady but I manage to get along.

Several of the boys that I met on my trip to Sicily have since emigrated to this country and I sometimes wonder if my fine stories influenced them to come.

I have two children now a boy and a girl, who go to public school and are doing fine. The boy wishes to go to sea when he finishes school and the girl talks of nothing but going to Sicily to see our relatives there. I am sure they will both grow up to be good citizens of my adopted country as we are bringing them up in that way.

Edward Jordan.

322

I. N. a native of Palermo, Capital of Sicily, a southern island of Italy, town of a population of about 350,000 inhabitants.

Born on his father's Alfalfa Ranch outskirt of Palermo on March 2nd 1882.

Was had no schooling, worked on Ranch until 21 of age.

Being the only son in his family according to the Italian Military law exempt of Military Service.

Engaged to marry a girl of same nationality, but unable to obtain the consent of the girls father, objection being, having no position, nor financially able to take of a wife & eventual family.

By mutual agreement, the girls father advanced to the young man the necessary amount of money to take care of his passage on a steamer & a little more, to emmigrate

to the United States.
The girl very much in love with J. K. became sick and died 3 years after his departure.--
A few years afterwards his, father mother & sister died also.
The Estate was sold, the proceedings of about $40.000 Lires were left in Escrow J. K. being sole heir.--
A Bank in Palermo, are sending the yearly interests; the Capital being still in their possession.
Arrived in New York City in 1903, where he remained for three months.
Came to San Francisco in September 1903, where shortly after engaged in the wholesale fruit business, mainly apples, buying from Farmers picking & loading his truck & selling to stores in this City, with a substancial profit.
Opened also a store in the Glympark district, where he stored his products in Partnership with one of his Countrymen.
One day returning from his purchasing trips, noticed the rear of his store in flames.
Attempting to safe some money he had hidden and other of his belongings

was badly burned. — This
his face and hands being badly burned
was removed to the St. Luke's Hospital
kept there for 2 weeks, claims was badly
taken care off, then transfered to
the San Francisco Hospital, where he
remained for 3 ~~weeks~~ months
His face & hands showing beyond
doubt, remains of severe burns. —
Owns a modest Bungalow in the
Excelsior district, with a rear cottage,
subletting to a tenant — the Bungalow
and living in the rear cottage
using his Garage for his truck & storing
vegetables, as he is at the present-
time engaged in purchasing fruit-
& vegetables & selling to Stores, having
quite a number of customers.
Is liked by his clients for many years
& makes a good living. —
He is a nice modest man, has learned
how to read & write English.

over

Has been a Citizen for many years
has no family, as he has never
married.

Peter Tiscornia — Italian Fisherman — Aged 60 —

Peter Tiscornia came to San Francisco from Rome, Italy in 1908, with his wife and three small sons. He was then thirty-four years of age. On his arrival in this city he had but a few hundred dollars which was paid out when his wife was taken ill. From that date she has been a semi-invalid and has to be taken care of. Tiscornia was forced to accept help from a distant relative who gave him an old house to live in on Telegraph hill. In exchange for rent Tiscornia took care of a row of old frame apartment houses the relative owned. He proudly relates that this was the only help he had from anyone upon coming to America and he gave more in labor than the free rent he received. It was this growing idea that caused him to look around for an outside job in an effort to be independent. At this time the hours he put in laboring were most of the twenty-four. He cooked all the meals for his family, washed the laundry and tended the clothes apartment houses. Besides he was attending a night school - privately run - where he learned English and arithmetic.

a) [illegible] man twenty years before. The man's mental

He says he was happy at this time though the meals in his home were very slim. He could have obtained further financial aid for the asking but was too proud to do so. His sons were in grammar school, his wife was fairly well taken care of - what did it matter if he went hungry. At this time a friend of his that owned a fishing boat offered him a half interest - to be paid for out of Iriacomia earnings. He accepted and for three years he helped supply San Francisco with fish. In 1911 he became tired of fishing, principally because his wife complained of the long hours he was away from her. His sons also had too much leisure to themselves and had been running wild on the streets and getting into much mischief. So Iriacomia came ashore and stayed ashore. He bought out a fruit and negetable stand on Broadway and began to make money and really enjoy life. He was with his own people, and did not regret having left Italy. From 1912 till 1927 he ran his fruit store - supported his family and saw his sons through high school - one through college. In 1928 due to bad investments he lost most of his money - and was forced to sell his store to meet the demands of his creditors. So in that year, at the age of 54 Iriacomia went back to fishing with the same old friend he had been partners with twenty years before. The man's mental

attitude at being forced in his late life to resume fishing is interesting. He is very happy. He says he does not regret losing his money or his fruit stand because in the stand he was becoming fat and soft. Now he is hard of muscle and almost young again. Though all his strong sense the responsibility he felt to a marked degree toward his wife and sons. Now that responsibility is lifted. His sons are grown up and self supporting. One is a practising dentist - one is a stevedore - one runs a small restaurant. Between them they are able to hire a woman to take care of the house and look after their mother who is now entirely bed ridden. So Tiscornia is able to fish in peace and not greatly care whether the catch is large or small. He thinks - and he is right - that he has done his duty to his family and his adopted country. So he is satisfied.

The man is an admirable character and very intelligent. I am going to follow him up and see if I can get from him a story on the difference in the San Francisco fishing industry in the old days and as it is at present.

This curly haired man is the result of 3 days here in Italy now here. I remember when after we had left the vineyards in Tuscany we joined the grown ups. We helped along until night. With singing the other part out some where supper was ready. I liked to mingle very much with the grown ups and help in the vineyards.

Never can I forget how it was so.

As I was near 17 the age you will say exactly I had luck by drawing a high number with and that I had only 18 months living in Italy. The first 6 months I was in Tuscania to next in Roma and the last 6 month in Veneto. With only 2 cents first I finished with 10 francs a month after.

I never spent any extra money during all my service. With all I was in March 1898 got and arrived home just in time to go to work. Many years passed. Work was the most of our round. After 7 years had enough put aside and said that I will ticket to California. One of my uncles was in San Francisco and when I came it was not long that we all went over to Oakland. After the fire we moved back and I was opened up for work and I am in this time for.

Theodore Frey

Report

When I was in Italy I realy don't know all the ins and out, except that I went to school until I was 12 years old.

I remember the kind of a mixed farm we had about 5 acres. We raised all vegetables had a few trees and a joint on the hill with grapes. Barcarlo was hilly and the tops where all forests. & often did hike up the hills and went into the woods. Whatever was to help around, plenty to do I did always to work and we had our food.

I was 13 years when we arrived in Mobile and it seemed funny to me to be around italian people that did talk english. My parents went in partnership with some fellow they knew from Italy and so did stay until we were out. I enrolled in the U.S. Army went oversea and was wounded When I came back I still nursed my arm.

Things went along slow and soon I married and started helping in a filling station, some years ago I moved to San Francisco and for the last 2 years I was unemployed. In my home we all talk italian and outside when needed english.

Now when more money is going around business will again kick up. I am now by S.S.A.

Report American born Italian

page 2 He had been kept just as their own children.
After two years of happiness in Italy I got amongst other letters one from home with more news than I looked for. It was not a shock but I did not expect the news. My father had married again and so I was sent instead of the school into my uncles tailors shop much to my dislike.
I certainly did not like the idea to become a tailor and wrote it home, but it just had to be so. Years passed. The war was already years in full swing and everything was no more rosy. As it was Italy needed more recruits. I was 18 and was mustered for service. Amongst about 500 youths I was the only one directed to go to the grenadiers. and thinking or not knowing better because I had no friends to be with me I felt very downhearted. For 2 years it would have meant military training, but as luck happened the armistic was proclaimed and right after that I was a free person again as service was not pressed for us.
Now with having past military mustering one is as much as a man in Italy and fully respected as a full fledged citizen. First I stated to see that I also got paid as a regular tailor and soon I had money for my passage to U.S.A.

Theodore Frey

Report American born Italian

I first born son of wealthy business people in Milwaukee. By the time I was 6 years old I had 2 more brothers and came to notice the care from a nurse. I remember that my father had ambitions to send us boys to Italy to his brother in Lucca province of Tuscany. Yes I was born here and partly raised in Italy. As it is known that in the province of Tuscany the purest italian is spoken and the inhabitants living all in good circumstances.

Now the brother of my father that was in Lucca, an uncle of mine had a tailor business that quite flourished.

So when I was about 12 years old my father and us three boys went to Italy for schooling. I did not like my other brothers pay any special attention for speaking italian. We all used home in english when spoken to in italian — so have all neglected the language.

By all means in Italy we had to learn to talk and write in a private school and father paid for it in advance. Very little money we ever had to spend in fact, don't remember that the old man let us have any. He must have given all kinds of instructions before he left for home again and we got regular mai every month.

Theodore Frey

Prepaid: American son Italian

page 8.

Up and against I was with everything and one day when I did something wrong my uncle told me that he had life care for home & I liked it there & more so up went my shoulder and the coaching started. For home where I was born. I had enough paising, I had learned not only a proper trade but also it was and I was certaine to be able to make my living.

I arrived in my early 20th yrs and as a good tailor figured out means and ways of living.

After a short stay home and enjoying a new mother I decided to go to California and managed alright until business became dull. It is just about 6 years ago when I was married so with my family and in tired losses in business I have come to where one has to start with almost nothing but health. Now having gone over the worst times and looking forward for better conditions to come, I think we should have a regular money shower before the dollar loses its value.

finis

(1)

~~METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY~~

DOMINICK TWOMEY

~~3410 - 19TH STREET~~

~~SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA~~

DOuglas 7000
Local 841

Informant is an Italian, who emigrated from Genoa some 25 years ago. He was born and lived in one of the four Italian type, with the exception that he was a Genoese, and proceeded to the country by some 2 years. Being one of numerous [illegible] he found it difficult to make ends meet, although his father was in the coast shipping trade and comfortably provided the necessities of life. [illegible] all members of the family had been related to the [illegible] preceded him to America. She had been [illegible] to wire a [illegible] money [illegible] of the people many, immediately recognized the glorious [illegible] of it. [illegible] and future [illegible] had [illegible] to make every effort [illegible] calculate the passage money, and soon [illegible] following [illegible]. His wife had secured [illegible] family in New York, and he too entered [illegible] family as a [illegible] left [illegible] the earlier [illegible] and emigrated to California.

(2)

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

DOMINICK TWOMEY

3410 - 10TH STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

DOuglas 7000
Local 841

Her account of California sunshine, the wealth of the country and the opportunities, induced them to take a trip to San Francisco. She became a garment worker in a small factory. The enclosed is poultry business. In spite of the fact that she had 3 boys, all made quite good but continued to save. Finally then the undivided effort of both they had accumulated a nest egg of some $2,000 and they put into some of sunshine stock. Also the night, left folks and, but not by that proportionately offering $1 had left and advanced, had blind to a market = — 3 thousand

But they are not disappointed. She — proud of the 3 boys and will say — are attending high school. The folks — quite an — anomalie plays with genuine Italian courtesy. He makes — pampered with attention. He — for some time, this excellent imported cheese.

Such stock in an asset to — and we well know that the future will yet yield to them

I come from Milan a large and very old city in Northern Italy. It is the scene of many ~~ix~~ great pageants which attracts numerous visitors. I lived in the south section of the city. The streets here were narrow except for a number of new réd bricked houses that have been put up. Food is rather cheap, but luxeries are extremely expensive. Automóbiles can only be bought by the richest This also applies to radios, phonographs etc. Wine is very cheap and is drank instead of water. The people, although not very religious, spend a great amount of their time in church. Among the wealthiest and richest are the priests. The church ceremonies are very elaborate. The churches themselves being very old, have an awesome ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ atmosphere, and I have seen young girls faint from the excitement of Communion. From where I lived I could see the men and women, early in the morning, going out to the vine yards to pick grapes. In all the fields there are Government Agents who are there to value the crop for taxation. The taxes are very high in Italy.

The trade Unions which at one time were very strong, no longer exist, having been disolvéd at the order of Mussolini. Sanitary arrangements are very bad, but have improved a little. Garbage is often thrown on the streets and the smell is very disagreeable.

The streets of Milan are always filled with pieddlers. The chief wares of these people are religious pictures and small statues. Nearly every home has some of these, as well as a small ~~xxx~~ altar over which burns a red lamp.

Percy Freer.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

DOMINICK TWOMEY

3410 - 19TH STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

DOuglas 7000
Local 841

328

Hymnit is a young Italian just over some 2 yrs
& about 22 years old and was born in Naples
He was brought over here by his uncle who is
married to a garbage truck owner & then
this boy works as a helper on the truck
His only complaint is that he is very little paid,
his instincts are very much restricted, and that,
being in debt for his passage money he
will be to repaid

In fact, he would prefer to return to
Naples where life was less problem, and where
his future though laggy was not same as
then it is today

Appears to be rather stuffiness on my handtrying
and will be doubtful considerable difficulty
in assimilating our American customs and ideals
especially as regards our treatment of women.
He would please be safe in a complete and
his contempt for the American allowing his wife and
children to be degrading and of bad portent for his
own life, if he ever happens to marry an American g

K. M. Barcevich - Report for week ending [illegible]

Luigi was born in Genoa, Italy about [illegible] years ago. Learned the bakers trade from his father. Saved his money and came to this Country. Twenty years ago [illegible] immediately opened a small bakery and furniture repair shop in San Francisco. Made a little money, got married, [illegible] Some the oldest of them is about 20 years old.

Luigi moved to Alameda six or seven years ago opened a bakery working and furniture repairing shop and naturally drifted into the second hand furniture business. Worked in spite of the depression and making money. He purchased a large furniture van and has contracted furniture moving to the business. A year ago he purchased a Gulf service station and set his oldest son up in that business. Your boy says that Depression has not affect Luigi from working and keeping money

Page-1
Left B-1432

332

Report B-3
from Stafford
962 Mt Eastwood St

Why does gangsterism come naturally to so many Italians?

Ask the average Italian this question and he will vehemently deny this is the case. But confront him with the big majority of Italian names running through the gangster stories in the pages of the Metropolitan newspapers and he will make a double-handed gesture, shrug and say "I don't know."

It has been estimated that seventy percent of all the gangsters — those who wield death to accomplish their aim — are either Italian born or of Italian extraction. Especially is this said to be true in rackets where big money is to be made.

In such enterprises as crooked dog races, black mail, operation of bawdy houses, low dives, rum running, etc., this race predominates. Such Italians as will admit this is the case, give some

(See Page-2)

interesting reasons for it. Those from upper Italy blame the Sicilians for it. The Sicilians deny this and tell this story:

That the banditti long inhabited the mountainous regions of Italy, ran in gangs or packs to rob, to steal, to murder; that their children and their children's children did the same thing and this custom was handed down from generation to generation. To this day they claim this custom handed down from generation to generation through all the centuries since the first bandit gang was organized, has made gangsterism their second nature; that it is in their blood and no laws can eradicate it.

Now let us look at the picture of the Sicilians as painted by those who don't live in Sicily or around the heel of Italy. They contend:

The bad Italian gangster comes from the southlands of the nation. It is there the Mafia, in the United States called the Black Hand, has been deeply rooted for centuries. This is the

(See page-8)
(See page 7)

worse than the bandits' wrongs, is their claim. It is gangsterism to the superlative degree. When a demand for money is made by a Mafia gangster, and this demand is not complied with, death is sure to be swift and certain. Sometimes the person on whom the demand was made is kidnaped and tortured. More often, vicious death strikes some member of the family. After this another demand is made and if it is not complied with another claims another member. This process continues until the entire family is wiped out or the money is delivered in full and according to plans.

The American political system makes for gangsterism, most Italians agree. Group politics breeds cliques, and this breeds opposing gangs. Every gang strives to have a friend at court, some one at the police station or an influential but crooked lawyer to go forward for the gangsters if he gets into trouble. At election time the gangsters deliver the votes; if not by persuasion, then by terrorism. The cop on the beat knows this and plays his hand accordingly.

(See Page 4)

Page 4 - Italian Gangsters

The Italians in every city in the United States have settled in colonies, usually called ghettos, although this name is stolen from the Jews. This gives them a compact political power and makes gangsterism easiers.

The Italians backbone there are fewer stool-pigeons among their peoples. And when one is discovered he is sure to get the stiletto in his heart. Every Italian knows this and decides a stiff tongue is the safest policy. The gangster therefore knows he runs little risk of being pinched by a member of his race.

(The End)

Rev. Paul Rankin
Received 4/25
117 Pearl St

Louie Bassignan;

Born in the Piedmont District, northern Italy. Son of chief of the police. Came to America and settled in Oakland thirty years ago. Learned wood carving in Turin, Italy. Worked in Oakland as wood carver for a couple of years and then opened up his own business which he has carried on for the past 28 years. He is married and has three children; two daughters and one son. Gladys, the second daughter, a child 15 years old is a student at Roosevelt High and is quite an artistic painter.

Mr. Bassignan has a very good wood working and composition working plant. He has molds for many artistic designs of the Italian Renaissance and of the Gothic. His plant has formerly employed several workers, including another wood carver besides himself. He states that there were 200 carvers in Turin thirty years ago and about 60 in the Bay district when he first came here. At present there are about 8 left and only about three of these are working at their trade or craft. He says he only get only two or three days work a month and at present is not making a living. He attributes the cause of the depression to machinery and big corporations and thinks we should go back to handwork so that woodcarvers could make a living. His own plant is quite well mechanized and if we went back to handcarving as the cabinet shops in Italy this machinery would have to be scrapped.

Nearly all furniture is made in the East (Michigan() and he says he cannot compete because the wood costs him several times the price it costs the eastern factories. He says there is very little sale for composition cast designs at present. A design that would cost $15 to carve can be cast for about 25¢ of composition. At time of interview his plant was standing idle nad he was improving on a hand carved rosette design.

Louis Bassignan, Woodcarver, Continued.

Mr Bassignan thinks that if we should go back to the handicraft period the art of wood carving and designing would be further developed. He says that he and his countrymen have contributed many designs used in American Architecture as well as furniture and building equipment.

Mervin Levy
Report for 2-F2-98
8-30-34

363

Italian fisherman

Mr. A. was mending a fishing net when I approached him at Fisherman's Wharf. Short in stature, rugged and weatherbeaten, with a cap on his graying hair and patched trousers, ~~xx xix~~ he no longer sailed out of the harbor but did the necessary shore work. Age had taken its toll so he could no longer step lively but his fingers were still nimble with the shuttle and net.

Thirty-seven years ago he had come from his native town, Cecilia, in Italy urged on to the land of gold by the tales of his compatriots. His family had lived by fishing and he was acquainted with the work so he naturally drifted to the Wharf.

The San Francisco fire of 1906 destroyed a little piece of property which he had acquired, his wife died in childbirth, and his daughter married a boat builder in whose shop he now spends his leisure time. Much money was made when work was to be had but investments in Bank of Italy stock wiped out his surplus stored for a rainy day.

Now, at 61 years , he mends nets. and putters around the carpenter shop.

# # #

August 2, 1934

After receiving my instructions from Dr. Radin to interview persons who have emigrated here from Italy, I first went to the library where I procured some books relating to this subject in order that I may familiarize myself with the subject and be in a position to ask comprehensive questions. After studying these books I interviewed a man who came to the United States in 1920, at the age of 19.

The most important reason he came here for was to escape military service in Italy, something he did not care to undertake. Secondly, he had received a great many letters from friends and relatives already here telling of the high wages and better living conditions and these had inspired him to break away from home and share for himself some of these wonderful opportunities. At home he lived together with his parents and eight brothers and sisters in a four room house which was always crowded and not any too clean.

They all worked in the fields from sunup to sundown, working hard to earn a few lire which enabled them to barely exist and that with the utmost economy.

Sanitary conditions were practically unknown and only by going through this kind of a life can one imagine the hardships and small returns earned from a back breaking toil.

The country there is very heavily populated and there must exist some kind of an outlet for some of the people or they would be overcrowded in a short time. Also religious and political beliefs are retarded and almost no education is had.

Since coming to this country, he has been able to learn a trade (machinist) and raise a family; his children have the advantage of Public Schooling, and with a bright future ahead of them, which their parents never dreamed of in the old country.

All this rot, as he called it, that you read in papers regarding the prosperity in Italy, with very little idle labor, is false.

True there is not so much idle labor, but the reason for that is, they are compelled to work for a very low wage, and living conditions for the laboring class are getting worse all the time.

He states that he went back to Italy several years ago, and he could see the change very forcibly. He intended to stay a couple of months, but after seeing the slave like conditions of Fascisim, he concluded that the sooner he got back to the States the better, and never again leave them.

He will not even hear of his children ever making a visit, which he had intended they should.

They were to be raised as good Americans only, and made to forget that there ever existed a country called Italy.

This man is very bitter against Fascisim.

He see's no improvement that could be made in the United States except that money should be more evenly distributed; and that it should be made a crime for the immensley wealthy to practically control the country by the use of their vast wealth.

These things will be adjusted in the near future, and this country will indeed be a heaven on earth.

America is God's country.

~~J. A. Green~~

:MR

I was born in a litle town five miles from Genova Italy in 1862. My father was a sea captain and owned a schooner. My nother was the daughter of a doctor. In my childhood my mother wonted to send me to school. I was send to a catholich cooledge, but I dint like the sistem that the teachers were using (they were priests) that for I allwais complaigned. At the age of 17 my father took me with him at sea and I traveled all the mediterranean and the european coast of the Atlantic until 1887. The 23 of June 1887 our boat sinked few miles of the French coast my father and the crew went with it I was the only one to be save. I returned to my native village and there I opened a sedeon, but a year later my mother daied of pleurity. I decided to sell my salon and went to Genova for a job. I soon finded a job as sailor in a wessell that was sailing for Australia.

It was a sail wessel and we emploied 110 days to reach Melburne. There I decided to desert. I finded job in a gold mine. I dint like the job, the time was too long and the wages too low. I opened a saloon, few months lather I got in love with a nice girl, but the father was a banker and he objected because I was not of his social rang in spite of my personality and 28 years of age. Disgusted I sold the saloon and I engaged miself as sailor in a boat that was sailing for Rio faneiro. In Rio faneiro I bout a part of an wolsale groceric store and got maried. I gat maried at the age of 30. The business was good and I was quite happy, but my wife started to spend too much and ~~the~~ rooned away. I then came to New York. There I dint like the climate and came to California. It was the year 1892. I reached here with a some of money, part

earned in rio janeiro and part heritated. Here I could finde no job. I decided to buy a ranch near San Luis Obispo I was there for about 10 years, but could make no money in the ranch. I invested part of my money in the gold mines of Amador county but I lost it. I then came to San Francisco and I started pedling wegetables I bout my house and maried again. The 1906 fire came I lost the house and same money. I continued ped-ling wegetables until 1914 when the European war was declared and ~~the~~ retired with same money. In 1924 I invested my money buying shares of the Trans-America corporation but then the stok crash of 1929 chaned me out of saving, house and all, now I am supported by two daughters that are still luky of being working otherwise I woul be compelled to beg or kill miselve.

Miss M. G. was born in Turin, Italy. She came to America as an infant with her parents. She attended school in Oakland and obtained her citizenship papers. ~~Sxx~~ After leaving school, she worked for the Oakland Mazda company and 10 years ago went to the Western Electric company with an increase in pay. She has been assembling plugs there ever since. She make the living for herself and parents. She does not associate much with Italians.

####

J. C., shoemaker, came to the U. S. in 1897 from Genoa, Italy, where he learned shoemaking. He has been here ever since. ~~Hix~~ He is married. His mother died in Italy last year so he will not return to Italy, since there is nothing for him to return for. His father came to California in 1854 in a sailing vessel, lived here 13 years, and then returned to Italy where J. C. was born. His father made three trips to America but finally returned to Italy where he died. J. C. says that the mechanical equipment used in making shoes has greatly altered the methods of making shoes from what it was when he learned the trade in Italy, but that even in that country improved shoe repairing machinery has been extensively introduced.~~xix~~

####

Colombo Piatanesi of S. F. worked in the Soprani accordian works in Castelfidardo, Italy. His father had also worked in the same factory. Most of the accordian makers in the United States come from Castelfidardo and are related to each other in some way since the entire town is either working in the big factory of Soprani or make them at home and sell them to Soprani.

The accordian originated in Italy but was perfected in San Francisco, where Colombo Piatanesi made the first piano accordian, according to his son who runs ~~an~~ Colombo accordian repair shop on Telegraph avenue in Oakland, He is of the third generation of accordian makers. His uncle is the biggest accordian manufacturer in Chicago and his cousin the biggest in New York.

It takes three months to complete the manufacture of an accordian at the Colombo plant in S. F., since all work is done by hand, workers making certain parts then assembling them. In Italy, parts are made by machinery. Piano accordians permits playing by score where formerly they were played by ear.

None of the Piatanesi family plays the accordian.

Mr. J. M. was born in ~~the~~ St. Michael in the Azores 40 years ago. He ~~xxxxxx~~ remembers being in the distillery plants in the islands as a small boy and watched them make whisky out of potatoes. He came to this country ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ before he reached the age of attending school. He attended school in this country. He drifted into working in machine shops, first working in Massachusetts. He followed that line of work for many years. He did not get his job through Portugese friends but through Americans. He says he never associated much with Portugese. He plays the cornet and enjoys gardening. He goes to early mass every Sunday. He has a son in high school. He has an inventive turn of mind, he thinks, but does not get money enough ahead to be able to develop his ideas. The N. R. A. has cut his hours but he likes his work at the Parafine company.

######

Miss L. M. was born in Oakland of Italian parentage. She is now a stetter winder at the Westinghouse plant. She attended school here and is a member of the NDGW. She lives within a few blocks of where she was born. Her parents came to this country when they were young. They talk Italian some while at home. They eat some Italian dishes. The mother belongs to a Catholic Ladies Aid society. The mother is very strict in supervising her children about the hours they go out and return. Otherwise, Miss M. can see no effect of her Italian heritage on their life. She likes her work but does not see how her Italian blood had anything to do with her choice of occupation. The employes in her department are sometimes laid off for a few days for lack of work at the plant. That is the only effect of the depression she notices.

#####

Mr. X. Y. Z. was born on the old frontier between Lucca and Florence. He went with his father to Lucca when he was still a child. He had no artistic leanings at that time, as far as he can recall. He went to Paris at the age of 14, looking for a job. He got work sweeping the floors around the modelers in the studio of an Italian firm which made models of parts of the body, etc., for arts schools of Paris. They also made statues at the studio. Later Mr. X. Y. Z. became a modeler at the studio.

Mr. X. Y. Z. came to America as a young man. He worked in the coal mines here but did not like it. He got a job in Cleveland, and later in Detroit, as an artist. Later he went to San Franscisco where he worked as an artist. Now he runs a picture frame and art store, selling his own sketches, hand carved wood work, and pictures. His business has been badly hit by the depression.

######

Separate

38 (Omitted) Sociological 82

The majority of Italian children in B~~erkely~~ attend the public schools, not the parochial schools. However, the parents maintain strict discipline over their children.

A young woman must know a young man's parents before she will permit him to court her. And even then she must either be chaperoned or have some other "boy friend" accompany her and her lover.

The majority of Italian children in B~~erkely~~ attend the public schools, not the parochial schools. However, the parents maintain strict discipline over their children.

A young woman must know a young man's parents before she will permit him to court her. And even then she must either be chaperoned or have some other "boy friend" accompany her and her lover.

Report of H N Parker for week ending

Thursday Aug 13/1914

The Italian families who [illegible] and were, without exception from the Northern Provinces of Italy, industrious law abiding Citizens. They informed us that the majority of Italians in this state are from the Northern Provinces of Italy. With few exceptions these people from Rural districts in Italy and then with Italians raised on the farms. Letters, Money orders and [illegible] Legals cannot get work as farmers [illegible] the form of Machine [illegible], Farming and [illegible]

The Economic condition of these people in this country, is a vast improvement over their condition in the Old Country. They have here better Housing better food, more money saved, and a great number of them own their own homes.

When leaving the Old Country they had had education, many of them having [illegible] system. In general, intimacy [illegible] have been corrected.

Frank Lunari: Designer and Modeler in Plaster and Concrete.
Born in Italy. Mr Lunari owns and operates an Artistic Plaster and Concrete Modeling plant producing all kinds of architectural designs, garden decorations, statuary, etc. He supplies architectural designs for buildings and does interior plaster and stucco decorating. Mr. Lunari started in business by selling statuary. This led to the production of statuary and artistic designs and architectural art.

The depression has nearly closed his plant. Mr. Lunari just recently bid on some work in Martinez. This work should have cost, according to his figures, $428 but due to keen competition, he lowered his bid to $325. The lowest bidder was $225. This shows that this work is being done at about 50% of the estimated figure, conditions. Mr. Lunari is very discouraged with present business

386

Pete Cevarri, Swiss Italian arrived in Calif. Twenty-five years ago with the total sum of twenty-five cents in his pocket.

He immediately obtained work on a dairy ranch in Los Angeles county, his employer was a Frenchman, he remained with him for two years and during this time saved most of what he had earned, so he decided to go into business for himself. Land was cheap at that time so he bought a small farm near one hundred St Los Angeles, and he started in the diary business with one cow and kept increasing untill he had a string of cows of about thirty head.

About this time he met a countryman named Pete Magigi who had a few cows and they formed a partnership, they both worked on the ranch and sold their milk to a creamery. all during this time they continually increased their herd, They thought it would be more

profitable to sell their milk direct to the consumer, so decided to start a route of their own. Cabarri proved himself to be very adaptable in building up a route and Maggi remained on the ranch to look care of that part of the business. It wasn't long untill their business proved to be a very profitable enterprise.

About this time Cibarri visioned that Los Angeles would some day become a large City and therefor wanted to branch out, buy land while it was still cheap and increase the business in general, "his Maggi did not want to do, he thought they were doing well enough as they were and so the partnership was dissolved and each went their own way.

Cibarri continued on as he had planned buying more land and branching out

in general, while Maggi remained in the dairy business and sold his milk to a creamery.

Soon after this Cibarri with his assets and ability formed a partnership with an American business man and together they started the Jersey farm dairy, Cibarri's forsight was right Los angeles did grow and their business grew right along with it, infact untill it reached quite enormous proportions and in just a few years later they sold out the business for one million dollars and Cibarri remained as manager for the new firm with a very fancy salary.

Pete Maggi his former partner continued in the dairy business and did some bootlegging on the side, he was arrested and had his stock of wine confiscated, so this proved very unprofitable and total with

the depression it was not long untill he had lost everything, and is now earning a meager living raising and selling chickens for fryers and roasting.

Cibarri has a very fine home, a w and one daughter, he is trying to give daughter every possible advantage while he spends much of his leisure time in playing golf. He and his family are of Catholic faith and try to live it, but are not so earnest in this respect as he formally was in his native country.

San Francisco Calif. 9. 2. 34

Statement of

A. Sanini

I was born in Genes. I [illegible] started to work very yo[illegible] 4 or 5 yrs old, we were [illegible] and every body in the [illegible] had to do our part in keeping [illegible] food and such clothing that [illegible] which was very little, principal bread, vegetable, & wine. Seldom meat.

My Father was a farmer which he rented about 7 miles [illegible] mountain from Genes [illegible] low for the family, like a [illegible] vegetable, and home like [illegible] far as it went a [illegible] any difference as I [illegible] worked at odd jobs [illegible] I could get. Genes is a large city like San Francisco and very nice.

I came to this country before the World War, but as I had served in the army [illegible] left home 3 yrs. [illegible] Lyon of U.S. the

Italian government sent for me to come
back at the conclusion of the war and
would have served in his army, I was wounded
in two battles but recovered and the
Italian government [illegible] and
[illegible] wounded
[illegible]
[illegible] after the war was over
I was transferred from the Foreign
[illegible] right back to Italy and
[illegible] where I will be
[illegible] your life, I now and have been,
[illegible] the earliest [illegible]
[illegible] work in the foreign
[illegible] home and some [illegible]
[illegible] Mediterranean [illegible] then
[illegible] replying from interpreter
[illegible]
[illegible] I have been
[illegible] hard and some [illegible]
[illegible] of [illegible] and
[illegible] which are [illegible]
necessary [illegible] but I will [illegible]
[illegible] again [illegible]
[illegible]
I lived [illegible]
country.

Interview of Anna Farretti;

Anna Ferretti was born in Alameda City in 1903. Her parents are Italians and she speaks the Italian Language. She was educated in the Alameda public and high schools.She has been employed for the past five years as a clerk in a food chain store. For the past two years she has been a Store Manager.Altho she does not like her work any too well she is well liked by her employers. She She is quite efficient and altho of quiet disposition is well liked by her assistants and customers.

Interview with Italian

by David D.Craig

Sex: Male

Born: Tuscony, Italy - 1878

Vocation at present: Intenerent agriculture worker.

Native life in Tuscony:

Born of farmer parents; one of a family of twelve children, he had hard work on the farm at the age of six. His father was of the land-rental class. That is he rented land from absentee-landlord and paid for rent by share of harvested crop. To keep the family out of debt he, our subject, had to aid in making pottery to be used in household; he had to help in the weaving of cloths, the thread gotten by paying some of the crop as a deposit - similar to barter. The dyes were made from roots and berries of which the country abounded.

Pleasures were found in the Sunday meetings of Church. The priest, not so kindly, with the aid of the Crown of Italy, saw to it that his parish was kept busy and subjected to the Church and Crown. Under all this hard work and rigid rule of the Church ran a strong anarchistic current. Men and women with the passion of hate characteristic of the Latins, bent on destroying the status-quo, but not understanding any idea of what to re-build after the destruction, spread in the minds of the overburdened farmers and their families the seeds of unrest and revolution. Our subject became a member of this secret society.

Discovered, our subject left his home and made his way to Milan. There he got work as a crossing-sweeper.

The War found him in the Tyrol district. After the War he joined the Social-Democrats, a political party led by one Benotio Mussolino. As Il Duce went so went the ex-

farmer-laborer - ex soldier. He became a guard in the Black Shirts of Mussolini's private body guard. After the cleaning out in Italy of the Secret Society of which he had once been a member, he secured and imigration passport for America. Being as he was trusted by the reactionary party, he was well recieved in America. Then he secured his final papers of citizenship in the U.S.

He became a small farmer untill the depression set in. After the depression he became a wheat field worker in the middle west. Now he works in the California fruit orchards and the grape harvest.

PAUL RADIN PAPERS: SERIES I/ ITALIANS

XXXII Db - Italians